

L A B Y R I N T H      R . U . N .

J E F F R E Y H I L D N E R





EPILOGUE

LABYRINTH R.U.N., by Jef7rey Hildner

“THE ARTIST’S FUNCTION IS THE MYTHOLOGIZATION OF THE ENVIRONMENT AND THE WORLD,”  
said Joseph Campbell, the renowned 20th-century scholar of comparative religion and comparative mythology.  
Unknowingly, Thomas Jefferson gave 19th-century expression to Campbell’s ideal through the University of Virginia’s  
Academical Village.

JEFFERSON MADE THE LABYRINTH LEGIBLE

The golden threads of memory, myth, and art connect us through the ages and stages of recorded time . . . respun by every generation,  
these threads lead us safely into and out of the Labyrinth . . .

L A B Y R I N T H R . U . N .

“Architecture is the stage set for the drama of life and death.” —Michelangelo A. Roland Slate

THE ANCIENT GREEKS DIDN'T FEAR DEATH.

BUT THEY DID FEAR THE ONE THING THAT DOOMS US TO A FATE  
WORSE THAN DEATH.

AND THEY KNEW THAT EVEN IF WE SUMMON ALL OF OUR  
RESOURCES TO HEAD OFF THAT FATE AT THE GUARDIAN GATE,  
VICTORY DOESN'T REST ENTIRELY, IF VERY MUCH AT ALL, IN OUR  
POWER.

AND POWER MIGHT PROVE LESS IMPORTANT THAN LUCK.

THE ANCIENT GREEKS KNEW THAT TO SLAY THE MINOTAUR,  
THE TERRIFYING MONSTER THAT PROWLs THE LABYRINTH—  
WE MUST ENLIST THE HELP OF A SUPERNATURAL AIDE.

A GOD.

J E F 7 R E Y H I L D N E R  
FLIGHT MASTER. 2010. OIL ON CANVAS. 62 X 93 IN.







ACT 1: DEPARTURE

“HE FEARED YOU MIGHT FOLLOW OLD OBI-WAN ON SOME DAMNED-FOOL IDEALISTIC CRUSADE LIKE YOUR FATHER DID.” —STAR WARS: EPISODE IV - A NEW HOPE

THE STRANGE WAY

I’ll always remember that summer in 2001 when my Columbia University screenwriting teacher, David McKenna, opened my eyes to the underlying architecture of the human condition.

There I was, mid-40s, in a classroom of young twenty-somethings. I had stepped over the threshold from my familiar, ordinary world into an unfamiliar, special world. But I felt right at home. I felt like an astronaut who struck water on Mars.

When I entered that screenwriting class, I was well versed in principles of the architecture of Form. Even taught them. I’d written many essays on the theory and practice of art. I’d become a painter. Braque, Picasso, and Diebenkorn had shaped my search, via my canvases, for the aesthetic and symbolic space-making language of my architecture. I’d earned my architecture license and been lucky enough to do a few buildings. But when it came to age-old principles of the architecture of Story, principles that story architects typically trace back to Aristotle’s *Poetics*, I was like the movie: *Clueless*.

But Dante|Telescope House (1991–1996) paved the way to my encounter with those story design principles. The house expresses my view that architecture is a complex chess game of Move & Meaning. I lean toward architecture that trades in both sides of the coin of art—architecture that presents not only a compelling Abstract Aesthetic System (“Moves”) but also a compelling Symbolic Image System (“Meanings”). Buildings that reflect not only pleasing aesthetic Control but also possess a deep symbolic Soul. For Dante|Telescope House, that was my goal.

And when it comes to Control and Soul, could there be a more iconic example than Jefferson’s Academical Village? Or Le Corbusier’s 1953 masterwork in Chandigarh, India, the Palace of Assembly?

In my first design studio, as a second-year undergrad at Princeton, Peter Waldman assigned every student a landmark 20th-century building to analyze. Professor Waldman waved his magic wand, and Corb’s Palace of Assembly landed on my desk. That was my lucky day. I’d never laid eyes on a building like that and fell immediately under its spell. Ever since, this great work of art has been my Move & Meaning North Star.

Years later, my North Star got a sidekick: Antoni Gaudi’s 1910 Casa Milà aka La Pedrera, in Barcelona, Spain. It wasn’t until after Dante|Telescope House was built that I got a chance to go to Barcelona and see La Pedrera and wander through it. And as I stood atop that damned-fool building and looked to the Mediterranean Sea, as I strolled through Gaudi’s enchanted roof garden dotted with his stone chess-piece sentinels, well, it was unforgettable.

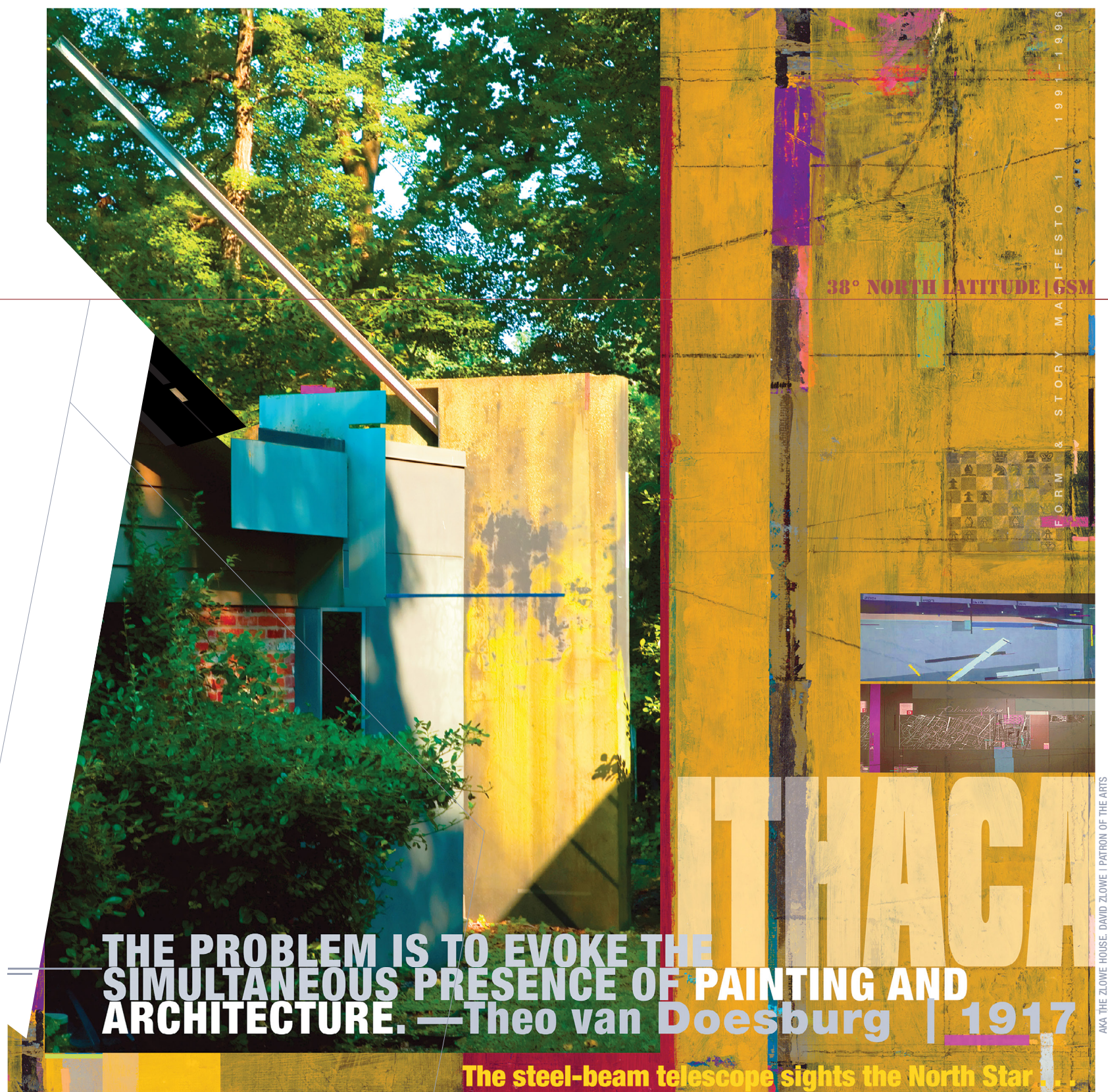
Those two grand masterworks continually mentor me and breathe into me the aspiration and courage to chart the same artistic course. Dante|Telescope House gave me my first chance. Like Corb and Gaudi, I wanted to architect a building you don’t expect . . .

—a building that lifts you out of your ordinary world into a special world . . . because **THE PURPOSE OF ART IS TO WAKE US UP:** rip the blindfold from our eyes. As Georges Braque said, “The purpose of art is to disturb.” But he means disturb in a positive sense: disturb us out of our slumber, disturb us out of our prison cell of limited ways of seeing, false assumptions and fears, disturb artists creatively into a bolder desire to risk everything, go on a crazy idealist crusade and make something the likes of which nobody’s ever seen before. In 1907, when Braque first laid eyes on his buddy Picasso’s go-for-broke *Les Femmes d’Alger*, Braque felt like a bomb exploded, and the impact disturbed him right into the invention of Cubism.

Picasso and Braque’s paintings and Le Corbusier’s and Gaudi’s buildings show me that what Russian Formalist Viktor Shklovsky said rings true: “Precisely because it is the familiar way, it is not the artistic way.” The artistic way is the *defamiliar* way —the strange way.







THE PROBLEM IS TO EVOKE THE  
SIMULTANEOUS PRESENCE OF PAINTING AND  
ARCHITECTURE. —Theo van Doesburg | 1917

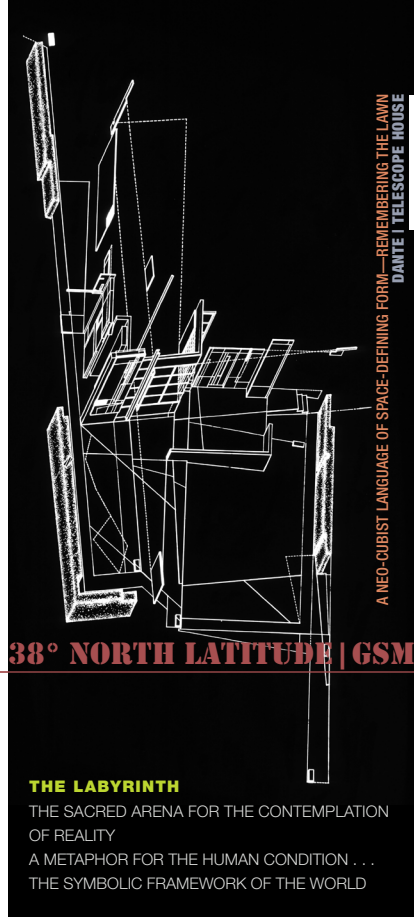
The steel-beam telescope sights the North Star ...

“Precisely because it is the familiar way, it is not the artistic way.” —Viktor Shklovsky, “Art as Device” | 1917

IN A WORK OF ART, EVERYTHING MUST BE FORMED, BUT THE PURPOSE OF ART GOES BEYOND FORM:  
DANTE | TELESCOPE HOUSE

“to make perceptible the texture of the world in all aspects.” —Boris Mikhailovich Eikhenbaum





The artist is the wild card, a disruptor, seeking to upend our ordinary world and defy what we expect to see. And read. In the hope of setting us free.

## ARCHITECTURE IS A VISION QUEST

But Corb and Gaudi's buildings, and Jefferson's campus for UVA, resonate with the spirit of antiquity as well as the spirit of the brave. Like ancient architecture, Palace of Assembly, Casa Milà, and the Academical Village resonate with meaning. They taught me something very important: Architecture is metaphor. And they set me on a path—a vision quest—to find more answers, compelling answers, to the question, What is architecture?

Viktor Shklovsky and other early 20th-century literary theorists known as the Russian Formalists validated my question, my quest. These art theorists concluded, rather rationally, I believe, that before we can achieve mastery of an art form, we must first know what it is. *What is architecture?*

For the more direct fountainhead of Dante|Telescope House, I point you to a fourth Move & Meaning building: Giuseppe Terragni's 1937 unbuilt Danteum—a project that twinkles in the night sky of my mind as a sister North Star. Through the Danteum, Terragni tells the story of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, an early 14th-century Italian epic poem in which Dante describes his travels, led by the ancient Roman poet Virgil, through Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven. Terragni's Danteum helped me eventually see, Architecture is a story told through a building.

The Danteum evokes the original link between architecture and literature. The first books were buildings, and the first buildings were books. Think, for example, of the Egyptians, who wrote their histories and scientific ideas, recorded their concepts of life and cultural memories, on the walls and columns of their temples. (I hope that as you read this "column of text" you'll feel your pulse quicken as you consider the deep and significant connection between the arts of writing and building.)

As to the Telescope? The steel beam that angles up through the "Dante|Telescope Monolith" and points to the North Star? The original connections between architecture and astronomy floor me. As they surely floored Jefferson, who created a poetic simulacrum of the world, a domed tower, a pantheon, for his University of Virginia library—which, for all who study and dream within the sacred arena of its encirclement, filters wisdom into their hearts and minds from the books on the shelves and from the celestial light above. Jefferson's Rotunda faces south to The Lawn, but, today at least, we enter the Rotunda, his figurative representation of the cosmos, from the north.

If you look up the word *temple* in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, you'll find that a temple, the archetypal first building, was laid out by an architect cast in a surprising role.

*Temple*: "the sacred space marked out by astronomer-priests for the observation of reality." Yes, through Move & Meaning, architecture presents the sacred arena for the contemplation (the con-*temple*-ation) of reality. Through Move & Meaning, architecture makes perceptible the symbolic framework of the world. These deep-seated origin concepts infuse the four architectural works that North Star my path.

Add to the mix that the word *building* comes from an ancient Indo-European word that means "to be." And you get an idea what Dante|Telescope House is about. I thread through the project Move & Meaning themes about literature and astronomy, painting and architecture, seeing and being. I hope you get some sense of how much I owe to these four architect poet-philosophers—Le Corbusier, Gaudi, Terragni, and Jefferson—how I remember them as I blaze my trail. They coach me along the west, east, south, and north sidelines of The Lawn of my work.

## THE LABYRINTH PATH

More about The Lawn and its Space Master later. But first, to go back to my learning curve about story. Until I read McKenna's course syllabus, I had somehow managed to walk this planet for over 40 years without ever hearing about, let alone reading, Joseph Campbell's book *The Hero With A Thousand Faces*.

Hero is gender neutral, like pilot, chef, and architect. The word *hero* comes from the Greek, meaning "to serve and protect" and refers to someone motivated by values other than self-interest, someone who gives their life to a purpose bigger than themselves in the service of others—for example, an age-old purpose that flows from the desire to inspire others through one's work.

Campbell's book woke me up. Like Cesare in the classic 1920 German-Expressionist silent film *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, I had been sleepwalking . . . sleepwalking through the maze of life. I was blind to the connective ground between architects today and Daedalus—the mythical ancient Greek architect of the Labyrinth.

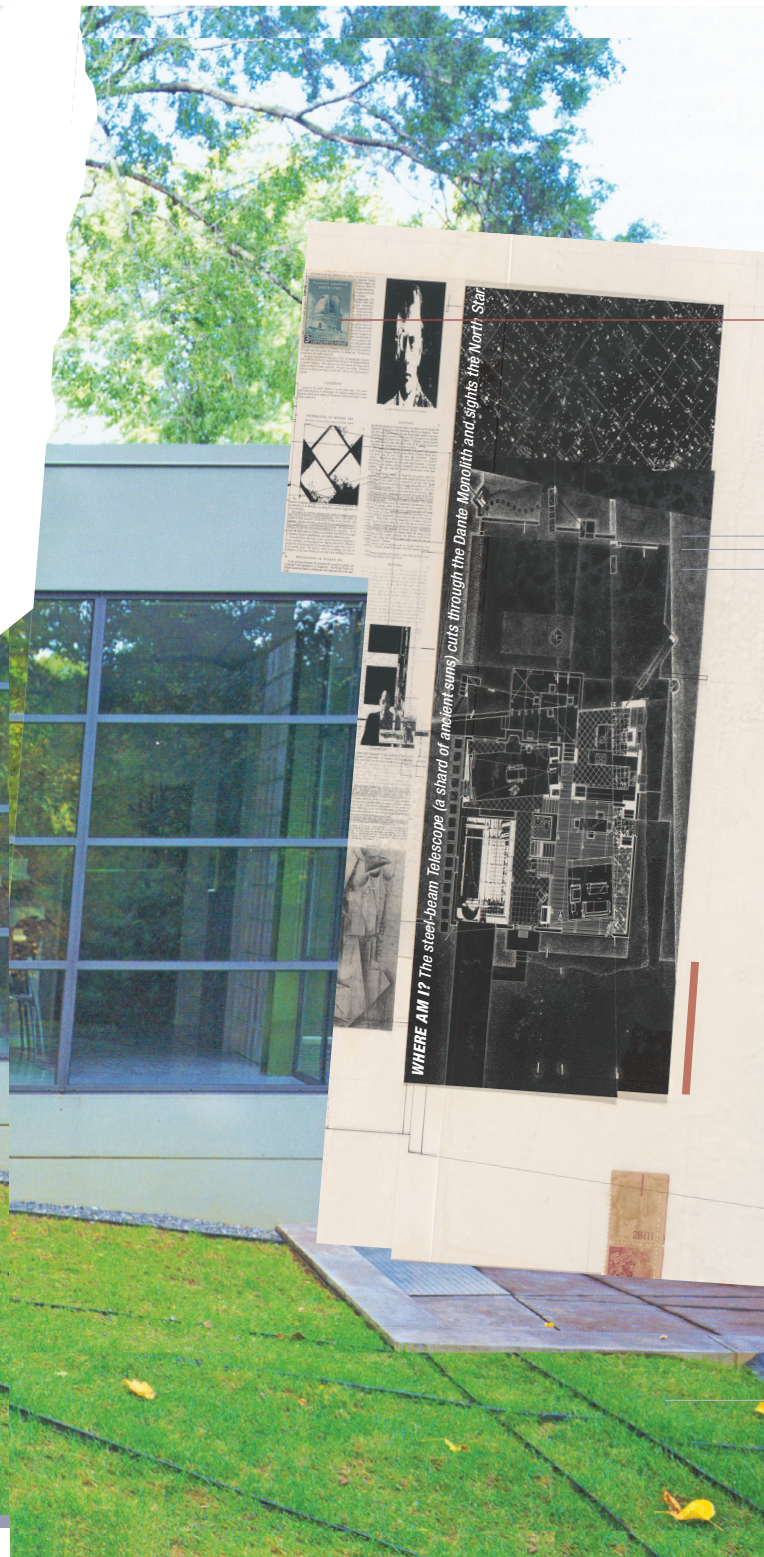
For the ancient Greeks, the labyrinth was a metaphor for life, for the human condition, a metaphor for how the human spirit inspires us to crusade idealistically forward through ongoing overlapping cycles of Departure, Transformation, and Return. The ancient Greeks conveyed this archetypal three-act pattern (which shapes everyone's multi-layered story arc) through the metaphor of the labyrinth and the stories they wove about it. Those ancient storytellers dreamed up the story of Daedalus and his architectural invention to illustrate the architecture of the human journey. Daedalus made the path through his building (the labyrinth) hard because the path through life is hard.

The myth of Daedalus made me double down on my desire to make an architecture less like a Move & Meaning *collage* (Palace of Assembly, Casa Milà, the Academical Village, and Dante|Telescope House) and more like a Move & Meaning *narrative* (the Danteum). My desire landed me on another way to describe the two sides of the coin of architecture—the two iconic costars in the war of art: Form & Story.

I signed up for that college class to learn about the architecture of a screenplay for a movie. I didn't expect to learn about the architecture of the screenplay of life, about the archetypal patterns and principles of the Form & Story of the human condition. Or to learn about the architecture of a building. But as Virgil says in his own epic poem, *The Aeneid*, "Your path to safety will open first from where you least expect it."



THE IDEA OF NORTH  
NORTH STAR MONOLITH 1:4:9



“to make perceptible the texture of the world in all aspects.” —Boris Mikhailovich Eikhenbaum

IN A WORK OF ART, EVERYTHING MUST BE *FORMED*, BUT THE PURPOSE OF ART GOES BEYOND FORM:  
**DANTE | TELESCOPE HOUSE**



*The Aeneid* tells the story of the epic hero Aeneas, including the tragic story of his star-crossed love affair with the queen of Carthage, Dido. Aeneas was the demigod son of an immortal mother, Venus, and a mortal father, Anchises, who Aeneas carried on his back to safety when the Greeks burned down the city of Troy. The gods impelled the Trojan refugee Aeneas to move forward bravely along his legendary journey toward his ultimate destination, his destiny, which he could not foresee: Italy, where his descendants Romulus and Remus would found the city of Rome. Like heroes past and present, Aeneas's journey took twists and turns. Adversity tested him along his quest. Aeneas waged war against inner and outer resistance. He enlisted allies and battled enemies. He experienced epic triumph and epic fail . . . love and heartbreak. To fulfill his purpose in the service of others—to no less than lay the foundation for a new world—Aeneas was forced to sacrifice everything.

Even his heart.

All good storytellers know that a story isn't only about the people in the story but also about us, the people in the audience. Virgil surely intended that the truth summed up in the promise of those 13 words—about how the path ahead might twist safely through the mortal maze in ways we can't expect—applies not only to the mythical Aeneas but to everyone, from those of us part of invisible history to Thomas Jefferson.

# DAEDALUS 9

THE LAWN. THOMAS JEFFERSON, 1817.



Engraving of the University of Virginia, From the South, J. Serz, 1856  
ACADEMICAL VILLAGE | VIEW LOOKING NORTH

**LABYRINTH ARENA: TOWER, MAZE, AND LAWN—STAGE SET FOR THE DRAMA OF LIFE AND DEATH**

DAY AND NIGHT, MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY COMMUNITY SLAY THE MINOTAUR OF IGNORANCE, CONFUSION, AND FEAR BY WIELDING THE SWORD OF ENLIGHTENMENT, CREATIVITY, AND COURAGE.

RIFF ON THE BOOK COVER FOR DAEDALUS 9, FEATURING SPACE MORE EMPTY THAN FULL.



## CLARITY AND COMPLEXITY

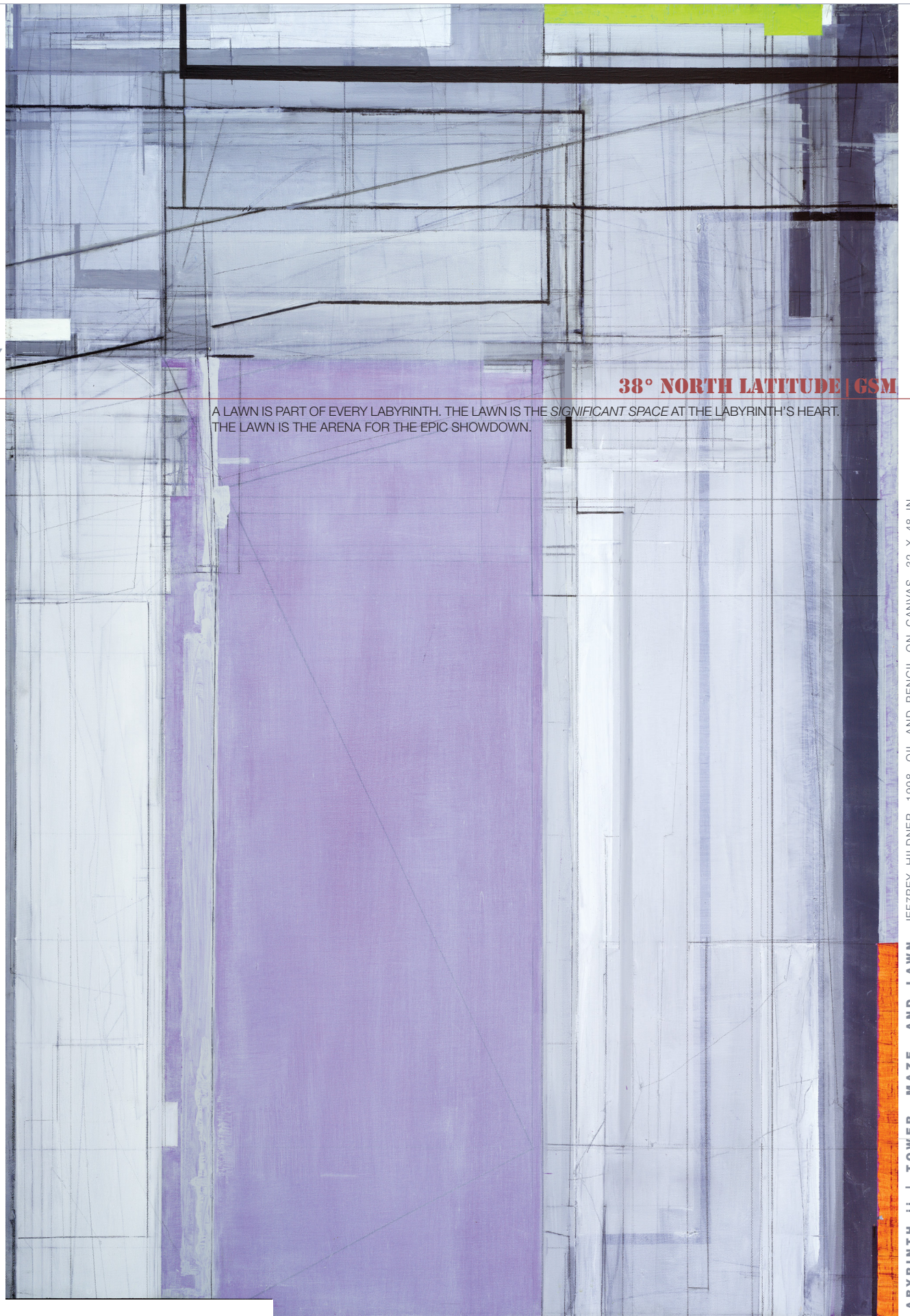
Jefferson, in the service of others—through his Declaration of Independence and establishment of a university, which he made forever tangible through his construction of the Academical Village—battled adversity, persevering to fulfill his Aeneas-like vision and lay the foundation for a new world.

No journey unfolds without elements of serendipity. *Surprise.* Turning points. Tests. Adversity. Change. That's how the journey through the labyrinth of life works—how the design of the universal story unfolds. How, to one degree or another, our journey through the labyrinth of a significant architecture unfolds.

Whether a building or a life, Virgil's heads-up applies. On the journey through the labyrinth, fraught with peril and laced with promise, "Your path to safety will open first from where you least expect it."

## 38° NORTH LATITUDE | GSM

A LAWN IS PART OF EVERY LABYRINTH. THE LAWN IS THE SIGNIFICANT SPACE AT THE LABYRINTH'S HEART. THE LAWN IS THE ARENA FOR THE EPIC SHOWDOWN.



LABYRINTH II | TOWER, MAZE, AND LAWN. JEFFREY HILDNER, 1998. OIL AND PENCIL ON CANVAS. 32 X 48 IN.



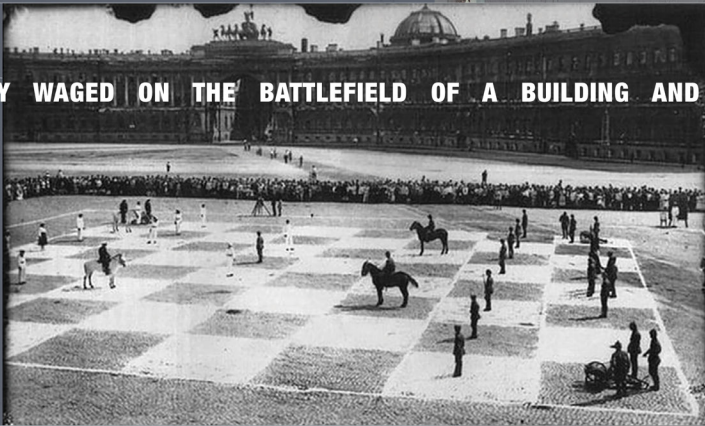
# VISUAL EFFECTS

VISUAL EFFECTS  
ARCHITECTURE AND THE CHESS GAME OF FORM & STORY

38

ARCHITECTURE IS A CHESS GAME OF FORM & STORY WAGED ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF A BUILDING AND ITS SITE.

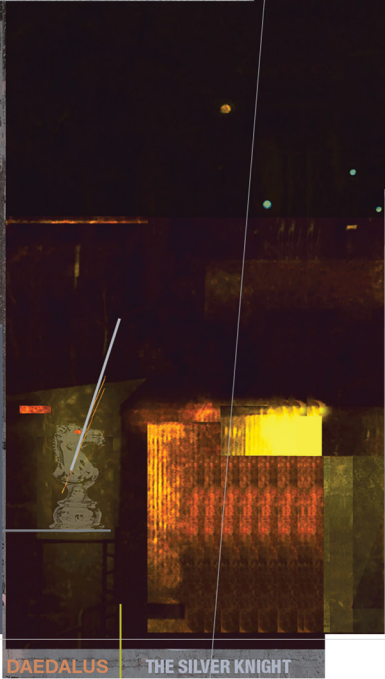
THE ARMIES OF FORM & STORY FIGHT THE WAR OF ART.  
THEY FIGHT FOR OUR MIND AND SOUL AND HEART.



• NORTH

"[DAEDALUS] IS THE  
HERO OF THE WAY  
OF THOUGHT —  
SINGLEHEARTED,  
COURAGEOUS, AND  
FULL OF FAITH THAT  
THE TRUTH, AS HE  
FINDS IT, SHALL MAKE  
US FREE. AND SO NOW  
WE MAY TURN TO HIM,  
AS DID ARIADNE. THE  
FLAX FOR THE LINEN  
OF HIS THREAD HE  
HAS GATHERED FROM  
THE FIELDS OF  
THE HUMAN  
IMAGINATION."

— JOSEPH CAMPBELL, *THE HERO WITH A THOUSAND FACES*



DAEDALUS THE SILVER KNIGHT





“SOMETIMES THE CORRECT PATH IS THE TORTURED ONE.” — Screenwriters Rajiv Joseph & Scott Rothman, Draft Day



STAR-CROSSED LOVE

In his book *How to Write Great Characters: The Key to Your Hero's Growth and Transformation*, David Wisehart shares his favorite definition of a story: “Someone wants something and has a hard time getting it.”

I want something that I will likely have a hard time getting. Like Dido who lost Aeneas. Like Ariadne who lost Theseus. Like Karen Blixen who lost Denys Finch Hatten (*Out of Africa*). Like all star-crossed lovers—from Romeo and Juliette to *Casablanca*’s Rick and Ilsa. Like anyone who has lost someone they love, like anyone trekking as best they can through the labyrinth of grief, I want my truelove to come back.

But I can only get her back through art.

Fortunately, art is one of the ways to save someone from the fate worse than death.

MNEMONIC DEVICE

A fate worse than death? Really? What could be worse than death?

Well, first. Let’s identify the god, according to ancient Greek mythology, that intervenes on our behalf to spare us that fate worse than death. The god that keeps us from falling into the abyss. The void. From being erased as if we never existed. The god that vanquishes the Minotaur waiting to devour us.

The ancient Greeks gave this special god the name Mnemosyne (ni-MA-zi-nee), which means “Memory.” Memory is the great rock that withstands the relentless erosion of the most terrifying villain of all: Oblivion. If we forget those we love, they are doomed. And if people forget us, we too are doomed. As they observed and contemplated the architecture of reality, the ancient Greeks figured and feared that the greatest curse is to be forgotten. But they also calculated that the god of Memory equips human beings with the capacity to avoid being forgotten through the transforming and safeguarding power of art—the supernatural aid of art.

In the Greek cosmology, Memory had nine daughters: the Muses—the sisterhood of supernatural help that inspire in us the creative spirit of the arts . . . Memory’s way of saying to the howling winds and violent waves of forgetfulness, “No. Go away. I am here to stay.” Remember me.

The arts, daughters of Memory, muse in us resistance to amnesia, which comes from the Greek word *amnēsia* (“forgetfulness, not remembered”). The words *remember*, *memorial*, *memory*, and *Mnemosyne* spring from the word that’s right there in the word *remind*: *mind*. The word *mnemonic* derives from Greek *mnēmōn* (“mindful”), which itself comes from the Greek word meaning to remember. Only with the aid of the Mnemonic Device of Mind—the Mindful Device of Memory—can we slay the Demonic Device of Oblivion.

For the ancient Greeks, to be forgotten is a fate worse than even the post-death nightmare that awaits some earthlings in the underworld. The Disney/Pixar movie *Coco* echoes this. There’s only one real Hell: Memory Lost. In the Master Labyrinth, the light goes out forever if we are Remembered Ultimately Never.

THREAD & SWORD | ARIADNE RISING

Jefferson knew that oblivion awaits those who don’t push back. We see clues of his awareness everywhere—for example, by the gravestone obelisk that stands today in the graveyard of Monticello almost 200 years after his death. By Monticello itself. By the establishment of UVA and construction of the Academical Village. By his letter to James Bowdoin III, thanking him for the sculpture of Ariadne reclining. Jefferson told Bowdoin, “It shall be deposited [at Monticello] with the memorials of those worthies whose remembrance I feel a pride and comfort in consecrating there.”

In Greek mythology, Ariadne (ar-ee-AD-nee) was the daughter of King Minos of Crete, the site of Daedalus’s Labyrinth. When she caught sight of Theseus, the future king of Athens who sailed from Greece to slay the Minotaur, Ariadne fell instantly in love. Fearing that even if he were to slay the Minotaur, Theseus might never find his way out of the labyrinth, Ariadne turned to Daedalus, the only one who knew the labyrinth’s secret blueprint. He spun a spool of yarn and gave it to Ariadne, instructing her to tell Theseus to unspool the yarn as he wandered through the labyrinth. Daedalus’s idea worked. Theseus found his way to the center of the labyrinth, slayed the Minotaur, then wound his way back through the labyrinth, following the thread to safety.

Ariadne not only gave Theseus the yarn that Daedalus spun to aid Theseus’s labyrinth run. To slay the Minotaur, she also gave Theseus a sword. Picture Ariadne forever rising to offer brave souls the special gifts of thread & sword. Daedalus’s thread and Ariadne’s sword are metaphors for the hero’s path and the hero’s power. Sadly, thread & sword proved not enough to save Theseus and Ariadne from the agony of star-crossed love.



Thomas Jefferson Grave Marker. Photo courtesy littany

Thomas Jefferson Foundation



< Ariadne reclined on the rocks of Naxos, where Theseus had just abandoned her because the gods crossed the lovers' stars—making Theseus fulfill his mission without his truelove.





MACHU PICCHU

CENTURIES BEFORE JEFFERSON'S ACADEMICAL VILLAGE, THE INCAS, IN THEIR 15TH-CENTURY MOUNTAIN TOP CITADEL, MADE THE LABYRINTH PERCEPTIBLE/LEGIBLE.

TOWER (MOUNTAIN)  
MAZE (THE COMPLEX NETWORK OF BUILDINGS)  
LAWN (THE CRANKY ECCENTRIC PRISTINE STEPPING ERODED-RECTANGULAR FIGURAL VOID: THE MAIN ORGANIZING SPATIAL-DEVICE OF THE INCA KINGDOM)

D A E D A L U S ' S L A B Y R I N T H

ARCHITECTURE IS THE STAGE SET FOR THE DRAMA OF LIFE AND DEATH.  
ARCHITECTURE IS A STORY TOLD THROUGH A BUILDING.



33° NORTH LATITUDE | GSM

TRANSIT ROOM: LATITUDE 38° NORTH | THE LAWN OF THE INTERIOR

*We hoped  
someday we  
would build  
our Dream  
House.  
Where  
we would  
stay young  
together and  
live for the  
rest of our  
lives.*

LABYRINTH : LAWN, MAZE, AND, TOWER (CAVE)



Photo by Laura Middleton

MACHU PICCHU

MAUSOLEUM

FORM & STORY

"SOMETIMES THE ONLY WAY TO HEAL OUR WOUNDS IS TO MAKE PEACE WITH THE DEMONS WHO CREATED THEM." —GODZILLA: KING OF THE MONSTERS



ACT 3: RETURN

“THE ARTIST’S FUNCTION IS THE MYTHOLOGIZATION OF THE ENVIRONMENT AND THE WORLD.” —JOSEPH CAMPBELL

THE DAEDALUS OF CHARLOTTESVILLE

“[Daedalus],” Campbell says in *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, “is the hero of the way of thought—singlehearted, courageous, and full of faith that the truth, as he knows it, shall set us free.

“And so now we may turn to him as did Ariadne. The flax for the linen of his thread he has gathered from the fields of the human imagination. Centuries of husbandry, decades of diligent culling, the work of numerous hearts and hands, have gone into the hackling, sorting, and spinning of this tightly twisted yarn.”

Campbell paints a portrait of Daedalus as an idealistic crusader, a storyteller—a spinner of yarns—who sprung from the imagination of ancient Greek story architects.

Campbell adds, “Furthermore, we have not even to risk the adventure alone: for the heroes of all time have gone before us; the labyrinth is thoroughly known; we have only to follow the thread of the hero-path.”

Remember those 13 words, Virgil’s labyrinth anthem, his prophecy, in *The Aeneid*? “Your path to safety will open first from where you least expect it”? Guess what the end of that sentence says. Here’s the whole sentence: “Your road to safety will open first from where you least expect it—a city built by Greeks!”

For Aeneas, indeed, the path to safety opened in a way he could never imagine: from the same Greek culture who sponsored the Odysseus-led army that sacked and burned Aeneas’s hometown to the ground—namely, from his enemies.

I least expected that the opportunity to create my first building since the completion of Dante[Telescope House over 20 years ago would be a tomb. I didn’t expect that the path to the next stage of my creative journey would open first from the enemy that invaded my universe: death.

Our never-ending labyrinth runs change us, and we either get more fully lined up with our given name. Or our run-in with truth shakes us so deeply that we undergo irreversible change—and we change our name. In which case: To our ordinary lives, we choose to R.U.N. —Return Under (a new) Name. Charles-Édouard Jeanneret-Gris became Le Corbusier. Karen Blixen became Isak Dinesen. Cassius Clay became Muhammad Ali. Reginald Dwight became Elton John. Walter White became Heisenberg. Carol Danvers became Captain Marvel.

Thomas Jefferson didn’t change his name, but the flawed hero, The Daedalus of Charlottesville, made the Labyrinth legible: Tower, Maze, and Lawn. Which changed me so much that I changed his name for him. Marvel Comic Superhero: LABYRINTH M.A.N.

TOWER AND WINGS

King Minos punished Daedalus for helping Ariadne and Theseus slay the Minotaur. The King locked up Daedalus and his son, Icarus, in a prison that Minos forced Daedalus to design and build. Foresighted Daedalus built a tower.

The tower rose from the heart of the labyrinth. And in that tower, Daedalus invented the device for their escape: wings.

But Icarus ignored his father’s warning and flew too close to the sun. Icarus’s wax wings melted. He fell to his death in the sea. Daedalus was heartbroken, but he didn’t give up. On wings of defeat, he flew to the island of Sicily—38° North Latitude. Where he created major works of architecture.

Then where did Daedalus go? To what new lands beyond the horizon did he fly? Egypt? Maybe. Did he ever return to Athens? *Where he once ruled as king?* Until chaos invaded his universe . . .

We don’t know. What King Daedalus did along the storyline of his later years in life—well, the ancient weavers of Greek myth leave that to our imagination. But we do know that Daedalus dodged a fate worse than death.

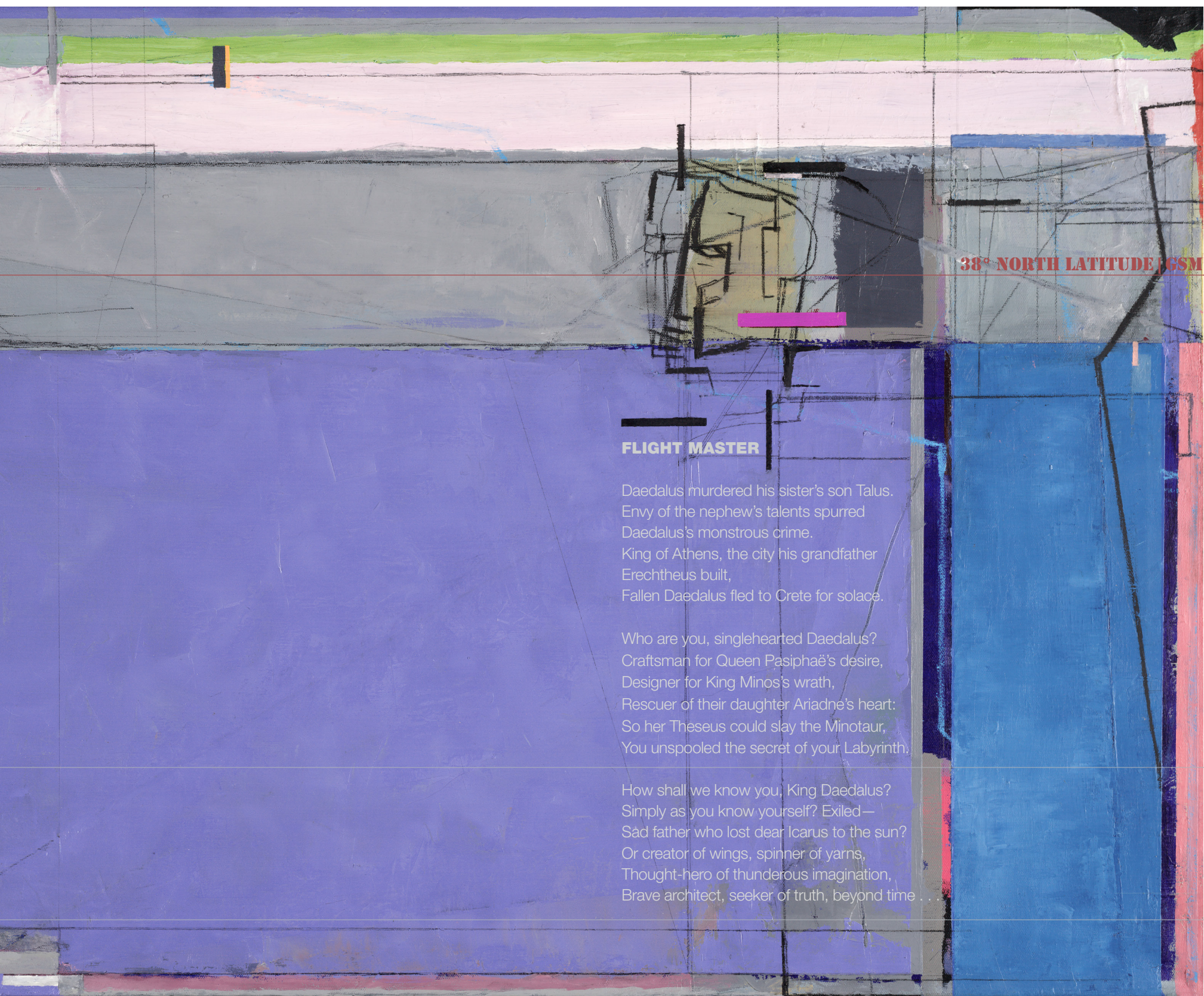
Because we remember him.

And not only for his work. We remember the architect of the Labyrinth and wings because he threaded through the labyrinth of the human condition on wings of resilience and boundless brave creativity. Every misstep of the way, summoning his inner Theseus—seizing Ariadne’s sword and slaying Minotaurs of Adversity. Inspiring us to feel maybe we can slay likewise. Maybe if we heed Virgil’s advice and “never bow to suffering, go and face it, all the bolder, wherever Fortune clears the way”—maybe like Daedalus, we too can Rise Undaunted Now.

By the architecture of our art and life, in the service of others, maybe we too can meet the same enduring fate.







38° NORTH LATITUDE | GSM

## FLIGHT MASTER

Daedalus murdered his sister's son Talus.  
Envy of the nephew's talents spurred  
Daedalus's monstrous crime.  
King of Athens, the city his grandfather  
Erechtheus built,  
Fallen Daedalus fled to Crete for solace.

Who are you, singlehearted Daedalus?  
Craftsman for Queen Pasiphaë's desire,  
Designer for King Minos's wrath,  
Rescuer of their daughter Ariadne's heart:  
So her Theseus could slay the Minotaur,  
You unspooled the secret of your Labyrinth.

How shall we know you, King Daedalus?  
Simply as you know yourself? Exiled—  
Sad father who lost dear Icarus to the sun?  
Or creator of wings, spinner of yarns,  
Thought-hero of thunderous imagination,  
Brave architect, seeker of truth, beyond time . . .



REMEMBER UNDAUNTED | NORTH

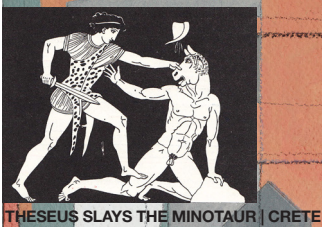
“Never bow to suffering, go and face it, all the bolder, wherever Fortune clears the way. Your road to safety will open first from where you least expect it—a city built by Greeks!”  
—Virgil, *The Aeneid*

RETURN OF THE KENAN 12

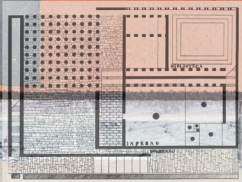
The classic pattern of the Hero’s Journey requires that the hero return home and tell the story of their adventures. To share what they learned. How they changed. How following the hero-path of the yellow brick road, lined with danger and inner and outer resistance, awakened in the hero enhanced capacities: brains, guts, and heart. Only then, by way of the hero’s Return, does the tale come full circle. Members of the hero’s home-tribe—having experienced vicariously, psychologically, through the power of storytelling, the epic cycle of Departure, Transformation, and Return—these members return to their lives re-membered, redesigned . . . the yarn inspiring them to move forward with renewed wisdom, courage, and character . . . along their own damned-fool idealistic labyrinth run.

Architect-Storyteller Peter Waldman, for the flax of the linen of his thread, has gathered from the fields of the human imagination the lessons of 12 Kenan Fellows, remembering them for us, returning with them through this book to his home-tribe, regaling us with tales of this band of explorers and tales of the hard-won insights that have shaped his own brave journey.

38° NORTH LATITUDE | GSM



REMEMBER



DANTEUM | ROME

On Two Hands and Ten Digits

DIRTY DIGITS AND INAUGURAL OPERATIONS

On Academical Gardens from Athens to Oxbridge onto The Piedmont

Earth as a Tool for Revealing

TOOLS & ROUTES

Roots and Routes

Index to the Construction of the Academical Village

SPECIFICATIONS FOR CONSTRUCTION

City Complex + City Plan, Chandigarh, India

REMEMBER

Catharine Killien

Clare Casstevens

Danielle Alexander

Gwen McGinn

Spencer Haynesworth

Lauren Hackney



RE-MEMBER THE WORLD

The art of architecture plays a unique role. Architecture is Memory—the god, Mnemosyne: Mother of the Muses, Mother of the Arts, the connective influence that threads through time, heralding us to remember the world. *Re-member the world.* Reorganize it. Rediscover, reenvision, and rebuild it. And every time architects do, they present anew, to one degree or another, the archetypal stage set for the drama of life and death: Daedalus’s Labyrinth. Through unending expressions of Forms & Stories, Moves & Meanings—Spaces & Symbols—the Labyrinth springs to life, continually reminding us, “The path through life runs like this. But we can slay the Minotaur. We can keep Oblivion at bay.” Imagine future buildings that reverberate with this truth.

The golden threads of memory, myth, and art, spun and respun by every generation of architects, connect us through the ages and stages of recorded time. Luke Skywalker was called to an adventure, but he didn’t want to go. In the classic way, the hero said, “No.” But the mentor, Obi-Wan, said, “Go.” The architect-artist will forever be summoned by the same herald call—

DEPART. TRANSFORM. RETURN.

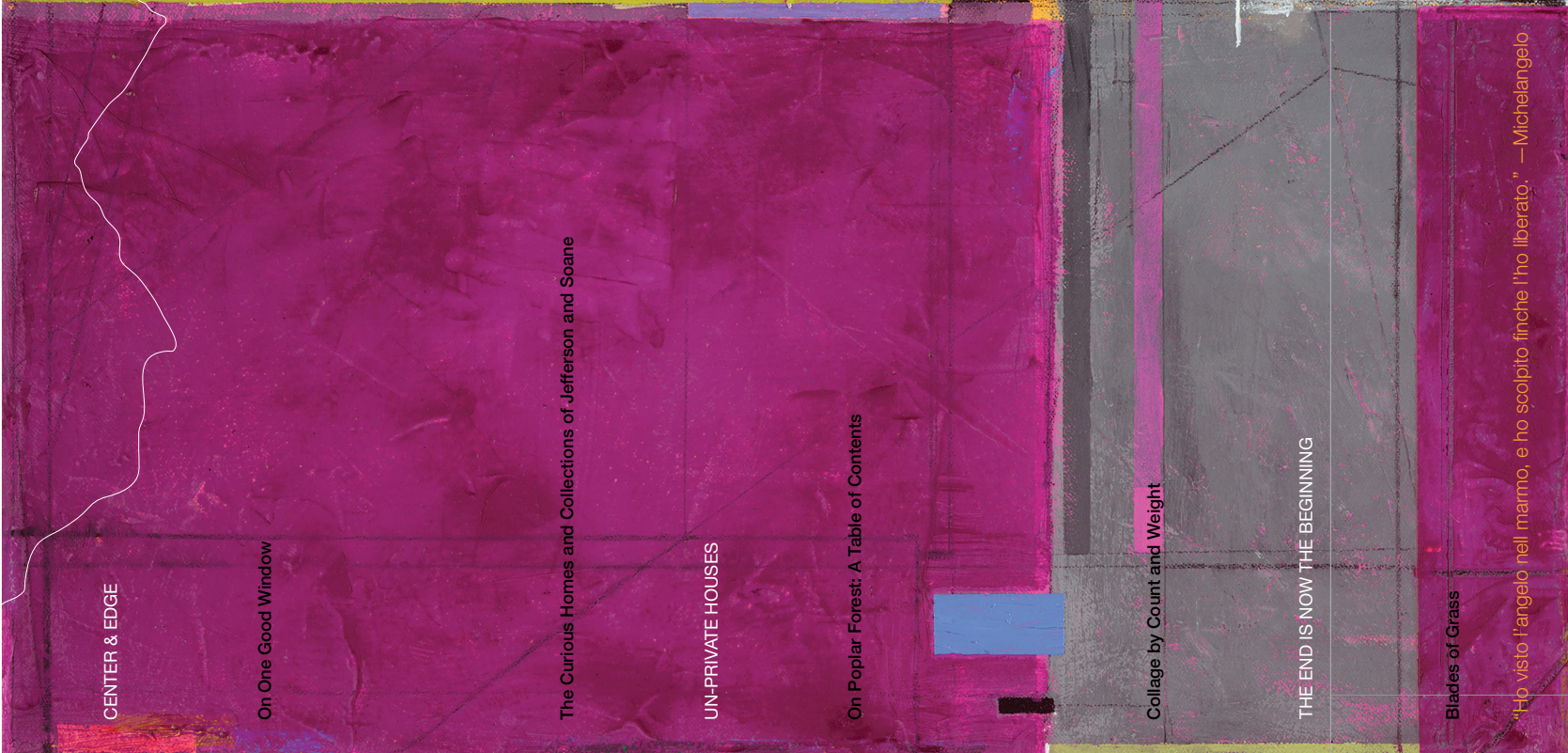


Blind Homer And Guide, Moses Jacob Ezekiel (sculpture at the south end of The Lawn)



PALACE OF ASSEMBLY | CHANDIGARCH CASA MILÀ | BARCELONA THE ACADEMICAL VILLAGE | CHARLOTTESVILLE

ARCHITECTURE IS THE WORLD IN A BUILDING. THE WORLD IS A LABYRINTH.



CENTER & EDGE

On One Good Window

The Curious Homes and Collections of Jefferson and Soane

UN-PRIVATE HOUSES

On Poplar Forest: A Table of Contents

Collage by Count and Weight

THE END IS NOW THE BEGINNING

Blades of Grass

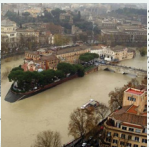
"Ho visto l'angelo nel marmo, e ho scolpito finche l'ho liberato." — Michelangelo

7



Jim Richardson

8



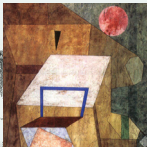
Maria Bninski

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Danielle Wilkens

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Paul Golisz

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Polly Smith

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Hannah Barefoot